

SOMETIMES

The emptiness of nothingness prowls
And the pusillanimous look
Before the mirror collapses.
Then the conscience senses
The loneliness that, inevitable
Behind the garden, patiently awaits,
The inverse face of pleasure
Configuring itself in the mist,
And the certainty of the ephemeral
And irrational of existence

When magnificent spring
Proclaims its presence,
A halo of deep fullness
From the sewers emerges,
Turns the tiredness of the pavement
Into a luminous symphony
And effortlessly crumbles
The stultified darkness that,
In the silence of the basements,
Inaccessible ruled.

The morning awakens
Surpassing new horizons,
The light reveals its secret
In the mute aridity of the underground,
Amid smiles and murmurs
The lifts are greening,
And the clock denies its tenacious
Intransigence of a notary.

The city then postpones
Its anchorite vocation

And the passions are unleashed
In the countryside and sandbanks,
Slowly faded
By the lethargy of the bodies,
As the sun spreads its wings
And triumphantly performs its dance.

Adrift, winter days (2005-2014)

Jesús Claver Giménez